



It Pays to Advertise in the Rising Son for it Reaches More Homes of Colored People than any other Paper in the State.

VOLUME X.

KANSAS CITY MO., FRIDAY, NOV. 17, 1905.

NUMBER 29

FARMERS' CONVENTION AT LINCOLN INSTITUTE.

Objects and Aims.
PRESIDENT ALLEN'S ADDRESS.
The Fourth Annual Farmers' Convention of Lincoln Institute was called to order at 9 a. m., November 10, by Dr. B. F. Allen, president. "America" with piano and orchestral accompaniment was sung with enthusiasm by the large audience of students and visiting friends from the city.

The newly organized but already famous Lincoln Institute band played several stirring and patriotic airs, as "Stars and Stripes," "Uncle Sam," etc.

The annual address was then given by Dr. Allen. As a preliminary remark he stated that one of the main objects of the Convention was to show the students assembled the value of farm life! the dignity of labor; and to correct prevalent erroneous impression relative to working in the soil.

During the address the president referred to the wonderful resources of Missouri; the value of its land per acre; and urged the students to look forward to the purchase of some of that land or, to take up government land and work upon it. He urged the study of Political Economy that they might learn the laws of wealth; the laws of profit; of production and consumption, and entreated them to become producers as well as consumers.

He deplored the mortgage system which so many seem to invite, and urged the improvement of home life in every way. With literature at reduced rates, rural delivery, telephone connections, etc. there is today no excuse for ignorance on the part of the farmer.

The speaker did not wish to be understood as telling every boy to go to the farm, but the race must have its quota of intelligent farmers, working with up-to-date implements and labor saving devices, if it is to be able to stand the competition of American life.

He thought the Negro should acquire stability and the desire to accumulate; that he should not change his position too frequently without knowing a good reason for making the change, and that in everything we undertake, we should strive to measure up with the best; in other words he should give intelligent service and the best that is within us in every line of work.

He feared that the Negro boy is not keeping up with the Negro girl in any line of work and urged the boys to put forth greater efforts.

morous speaker in William Scott and Kansas in James Saunders of the college department. College yells enlivened the various speeches and the intervals.

"The Star Spangled Banner" was rendered by the school in an artistic manner, and after closing remarks, in which President Allen cordially thanked all who had helped to make the session a success, the convention adjourned to meet at an early date (hereafter to be specified) in November, 1906.

DR. B. F. ALLEN, President.
JOSEPHINE S. YATES, Sec'y.

LINCOLN INSTITUTE NOTES.

The Clerk Whistled.
A Scotch minister instructed his clerk, who sat among the congregation during service, to give a low whistle if anything in her sermon appeared to be exaggerated. On hearing the minister say: "In those days there were snakes fifty feet long," the clerk gave a subdued whistle. "I should have said thirty feet," added the minister. Another whistle from the clerk. On consulting Thompson's Concordance," said the minister, "I see the length is twenty feet." Still another whistle; whereupon the preacher leaned over and said in a stage whisper: "Ye can whistle as much as ye like MasPherson, but I'll no take anither foot off for anybody!"

In Crimean Times.
In Crimean times (says the "Tattler") the Highland regiments were so full of Hibernians that many stories were current exploiting the fact. One gallant Scottish colonel, it was said, resolved to take the sense of the regiment on the vital question of adopting the plaid as an essential part of the uniform. When the orderly came to report the result, the colonel was scandalized to find that only two of his men favored the suggestion, "And who are there two gallant Highlanders?" he asked. "Ooch!" replied the orderly, "sure it's Corporal O'Brien an' Private O'Callaghan, sorr!"

Miss Lovey—I'm quite positive that he loves me deeply. Miss Wise—How do you know? Miss Lovey—Oh, I can tell by the sighs when he—Miss Wise—My dear girl, you can't gauge the depth of a man's love by its sighs. —Philadelphia Press.

A LITTLE CHILD.

He that is to life beguiled
By the clinging of a child
Hath, I know, great store of grace,
And with Love a dwelling place;
For all heaven hath dreamed and
smiled
In the sweet face of a child.
—Frank L. Stanton.

FALL TIME IN THE MOUNTAINS.

It is fall time in the mountains,
And the winds are singing low,
While the verdure, green in summer,
Turns to red and yellow glow.
Leaves are falling from the aspen,
And the pinecones tumble down;
Creeping ivy, once so lusty,
Now is scared and tinted brown.

Faded flowers droop and wither

In the shadow of the pine,
And the columbine lies dying
At the hoar frost's greedy shrine.
Needle-pointed verdure flutters
From the pinion to the earth
There to lie until it mingles
With the dust that gave it birth.

Music-throated birds have vanished
From the canons and the crest
Where they sang through all the summer—
Where they built their brooding nest.

Merry laughing streams that gambol
Over rocky pebbled bed
Seem to join the winds in singing
Farewell requiems for the dead.

It is fall-time in the mountains,
When the red and yellow hue
Harmonize in perfect colors
With the skies of azure blue.
No human hand e'er painted—
No picture has been found—
That can touch the grand old mountains

When the leaves are on the ground.
—A. U. Mayfield, Denver News.

Edible Seaweed.

It is not a little astonishing to find what a number of seaweeds are really edible and nourishing, says The Lancet. Perhaps the best-known example in this country is laver, which is a kind of stew made from a weed, an alga. The laver made on the Devonshire coast and to be found in some London shops is excellent.

Hold Farm Since 1300.

Recently the stock was sold on a farm in Dumfriesshire, Scotland, which had been held by a family named Moffat since the year 1300, when King Robert Bruce made a grant of the land to the Moffats. They held it for 300 years as owners, and the rest of the time as tenants of the Dukes of Buccleuch.

Commit Sport by Proxy.

"Vandal," a well known writer on sports, said in a recent issue of the London Express: "The sports of this country are absolutely rotten—unsound to the core. This nation is no longer a nation of sportsmen. It is a nation of odds-taking people who commit sport by proxy."

Self-Winding Alarm Clock.

Joseph Blythe, a resident of Chester, Pa., has recently obtained a patent on a self-winding alarm clock, which is said to have several very novel features. The winding is done by electricity and when once set will ring every day at the same hour if desired.

Kipling as Critic.

Here is Rudyard Kipling's advice to an author who submitted a story for his criticism: "Tear out second chapter and scatter broadcast. Change name of hero and name of story; then get down to business and rewrite the whole thing."—Atlanta Constitution.

Black Rot in Cabbage.

Soaking the seed for fifteen minutes in a 1:1000 corrosive sublimate solution or in a 0.4 per cent formalin solution just before planting is suggested as a cheap and effective means of destroying the germs upon the seed.

Firemen Start a Blaze.

When the volunteer fire department of Tunbridge Wells, England, was on parade a spark from one of the engines set fire to a haystack, and the fire burned itself out, for the volunteers proved unable to extinguish it.

Many Schools in Hong Kong.

For its size Hong Kong has an enormous number of schools. The population of the island is about 330,000 and there are over 100 schools, the great majority of which are under government supervision.

Church in Farmyard.

Few more curious places for a church could be found than one at Sotubam Delahere, Eng., which stands in the middle of a farmyard. The only means of entrance is by passing through the yard.

Ill-Timed Wit.

"Did he leave you anything when he died?"
I asked of the fatherless girl, who cried,
"Oh, yes, he did!" And I questioned her.
"What was it?" "He left me an orphan, sh!"
—Cleveland Leader.

Girls' Best Safeguard.

Let us teach our daughters that life is not only tennis and parties. Let us endow them with the best of insurances—a profession at their fingers' ends.—Woman.

Pills Cause Peritonitis.

Death from peritonitis, due to excessive taking of pills, was stated to be the cause of a woman's death at a Bristol (England) inquest.

British Railroads Well Manned.

American railroads have six employees for every mile of track and the British roads have twenty-eight.

Income of Oxford College.
The income of Oxford University is slightly under \$350,000 a year.

NOTICE!

The Inter-State Literary Association of Kansas and the West will convene in annual session at Kansas City, Mo., December 26, 27, 28.

Each Literary Society is entitled to representation by three delegates, (one of whom may have a place on the program), and three alternates.

New Societies, and those not having been enrolled at the last session of the Association, will be required to pay a membership fee of \$1.50. Societies enrolled at the last session will pay \$1.00 membership fee.

The Executive Committee will convene in November for the purpose of making up the program.

Any Society may become a member of the Association by application to the President or Corresponding Secretary on or before the first day of December, sending therewith the required fee.

JAS. H. GUY, President,
429 Kansas Ave., Topeka, Kan.
I. M. HORTON, Chairman Ex. Com.,
1608 E. 13th St., Kansas City, Mo.
MISS A. F. MOORE, Cor. Sec.,
1214 Vine St., Kansas City, Mo.

Skeletons in Trenches.

A curious discovery has been made in the course of some excavations that have been in progress in St. Martin de Re, in France. The excavators unearthed trenches in which lay skeletons which were presumably those of the citizens who fell fighting there in defending the town against the English in 1627. Among the skeletons was found a spherical iron bomb containing a most black powder, which was found to consist of about a third of nitre, a third of carbon, and a fifth of sulphur, the remainder being iron oxide derived from the rusting of the iron shell.

The Bear Dance.

Little Bobbie—Pa, I want to see another bear dance, like the one that came along the street last week.
Papa—I don't know where to find it, son, but you run in and tell mamma that we will go down to the comic opera tonight and see the big ballet.
—Kansas City Drovers Telegram.

Detroit Free Press: "Is it true that you have senatorial aspirations?"

asked the reporter over the phone. "Yes," remarked the girl whose number had been called by mistake, "but I'm not sure that I can land him."

Puck: Mr. Gotrox—When I was your age, sir, I didn't have a dollar.
Cholly Gotrox—Well, dad, when I am your age I probably won't have a dollar!

The man in the brown stone palace may enjoy life after a fashion, but he misses the satisfaction of the humble cottager who can sit in the front yard in his shirt sleeves and talk over the fence with his neighbor.

Not a Doubter.

"I have you know, sir," said the pompous individual, "that I'm a self-made man."
"Ah, indeed," rejoined the meek and lowly person, "I thought there was a home-made air about you."
—Chicago News.

The Fad for Restitution.

Another embezzler who escaped to Mexico years ago is sending back the money to cover his defalcations and pay all his creditors. Is it possible this thing is to become a fad?—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

It's impossible for a man to see the point of a joke and feel it simultaneously.

A man is as old as he looks, but a woman is seldom as young as she thinks she looks.

Bessie, don't you want to stay in the parlor where your papa and Mr. Kawler are?"

When All Others Fail.

Dispatches tell us that but for a heavy rain which set in just as the fire department had exhausted all its energy, Butte, Mont., would have been completely wiped from the map. Another evidence of the necessity of being in touch with providence.

HEN WILSON IN TROUBLE.

Scandal Disturbs Serenity of Inhabitants of Bingville.

It is rumored on reliable authority that Hen Wilson has left his wife again owing to some marital trouble between them. This is not the first time Hen and Sary Ann have had marital trouble. The last time before this Sary Ann struck Hen with a rolling pin above the left eye and he went out of the house and did not return for several weeks. Some says he went to the Co. seat and spent most of his time in a hospital. Finally he returned some sadder and wiser man and Hen and Sary Ann made up again and started out together to try to live a different life with the dove of peace perched above their hearthstone, as you might say.

But now retraction swift and terrible has broken out in their midst again. We got this straight or we wouldn't say anything about it in print. Mrs. Wilson herself told Mrs. Caroline Hooper that Hen had left home followed by all the cooking utensils in the kitchen. Mrs. Hooper told it to Ben Wade's wife and Ben Wade's wife told it to Mrs. Widow Henderson who told us.

Sary Ann has a quick temper and when she gets mad there seems to be nothing else to do but for Hen to dig out for a while and wait until the storm is over. What the trouble was this time was that Hen went right into the house like a dum fool and set himself down on a new sofa pillow which Mrs. Wilson had just finished. Mrs. Wilson stated that Hen might think that sofa pillows were made to sit on, but he was mistaken. Hen's whereabouts is at present unknown.—"Bingville Bugle Items" in the Boston Post.

ARTIST MEET HER IDOL.

John Ruskin's Self-Introduction to His Admirer.

The London Outlook tells a pretty story of the late John Ruskin, artist, author, reformer, which shows that courtly and chivalric gentleman and great writer in a playful mood:

Mr. Ruskin was taking a morning walk down the road just in front of Brantwood, when he saw a lady seated on a campstool making a sketch of the house, and, with a courteous grace which was intensely his own, he addressed her, inquiring her reason for choosing the house in question for her subject.

"It is the house of the famous John Ruskin," she frankly asked.

"Have you met Ruskin?" she was asked.

"No, indeed," she replied. "If I had, I would have deemed it one of the greatest privileges of my life."

"Then, madam, if you care to follow me, I will show him to you."

In a twinkling the stool and easel were packed up and the artist eagerly followed the guide. To her surprise and gratification, he led her up to the house, and, entering, made his guest follow, which she readily did. On marched the stranger into the drawing-room; then, placing his back to the fireplace, a familiar attitude, he exclaimed, to the amazement of his companion:

"Now, what do you think of Ruskin?"

From "The Glaour."

He who hath lent him over the dead
Eye the first day of death is dead.
The first dark day of Nothingsness,
The last danger and distress
Before Decey's effacing fingers
Have swept the flow where Beauty lingers
And marked the wild angelic air.
The rapture of Repose that's there,
The first last look by death revealed,
The languor of the placid cheek,
And—but for that sad shrouded eye,
That here not, who not, keeps not now
And but for that chill, changeless brow
Where cold obstruction's moony
Appeals the gazing mourner's heart,
As if to him it could impart
The doom he dreams yet dwells upon,
Yes, but for these, and these alone,
Some moments, ay, one treacherous
do still might doubt the Tyrant's power;
So late, so calm, so softly smiled,
The first last look by death revealed,
Such is the aspect of this shore!
Tis Greece, but living Greece no more!
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start for soul seems wanting there
Here is the loveliness in death,
That parts not quite with parting breath,
But lingers with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb.
Expression's last revealing ray,
A gilded Halo hovering round decay,
The farewell beam of Feeling just away!
Stark of that flame, perchance of heaven-
ly birth,
Which glows, but warms no more
cherished earth.
—Lord Byron.

LEXINGTON NEWS.

Quarterly meeting at the Zion A. M. E. church Sunday.

Rev. George Sanders preached the funeral Sunday at the Second Baptist church.

Rev. Stewart was in the city Monday.

Rev. Clark of the M. E. church is preparing for his annual conference which will convene here in March. We hope every one will assist him in taking care of it.

A reception was given in honor of Rev. A. Gilbert and wife on his return as pastor by Mrs. Ella Carter, Mrs. Mary Webb, Mrs. Mary Call, Mrs. Luella Davis, Mrs. Nany Hicks and the members of the church. It was a grand affair. The Excelsior band furnished music for the occasion.

A sad accident happened here in our city on the 9th. Miss Florence Hall caught on fire and was burned so it caused her death. She was a Christian young lady and was loved by all who knew her and we extend our heart-felt sympathy to the family.

Rev. A. Gilbert is suffering from his eye and is hardly able to be out. He will have to be very particular with it or he will lose it.

FINE FLOUR.

The Rising Son takes pleasure in commending to the highest the Kelly flour which has been used extensively by one of its managers who has established a restaurant in this city. This recommendation is made from experience. All grocers would do well to keep the flour produced by the Kelly Milling Company.

THE JONES DRY GOODS COMPANY TO OCCUPY THE ENTIRE BLOCK.

By the signing of a 99-year lease the Jones Dry Goods company and L. M. Jones and J. L. Jones together, came into control of all of the block between Walnut and Main streets and Twelfth and Thirteen streets, except only the Chapman building at the southwest corner of Twelfth and Walnut. The Jones brothers through a realty corporation control all that is not now occupied by the Jones Dry Goods company.

This is the largest area under a single control in the retail business district in Kansas City. Manufacturing concerns, packing houses, stock yards and the like have large holdings, but no merchandising concern comes near controlling as many feet of valuable property. The frontage on Main street is 450 feet and the frontage on Walnut street 400 feet. While the Jones brothers hope that that some day the big white store may need all of the ground, they are not going to attempt to cover it immediately.

The Color Line.

If, as is now claimed by an eastern individual, St. Peter is or was a colored man, the "white trash" will have a hard time getting past him, while the mere fact that "colored person" purchased a nice juicy hen while living in Denver will not be considered so serious as to bar him from the New Jerusalem.—Denver News.

Arranging His Toilet.

The King of gamblers sat alone
With a mirror in his hand;
One of his Fridays came along
And took his watchful stand.
"Why this mirror, O my king?"
Thus did the Friday prate.
"That I might see," the king replied,
"if my lid is still on straight."—A. U. Mayfield, Denver News.

The man who stubs his toe twice blames the nail.